

no good reason can be advanced why his incumbency shall continue for nine years. At the expiration of his present term of office, which will complete a period of six years, Mr. Beckman should voluntarily retire instead of exhibiting an insatiable greed for office. He will be retired by the voters and after his defeat he will cease to be a republican.

None of the men nominated for county offices are affirmatively bad but with one exception, their nominations were dictated by the same influence which last year made George Woods a candidate and the nominee for a county office. He suffered an ignominious defeat at the polls and it is a safe prediction that a majority of the nominees of the republican party this year will be beaten. A nomination by a republican convention is no longer equivalent to an election in this county as was demonstrated last year and as will be again demonstrated this year.

The tendency of newspapers to take revenge on a merchant who will not advertise with them is deplorable. The crippled street vender of soap who has erected a stand from which acrobats and sleight-of-hand men give a nightly entertainment to crowds of people and afterwards sells very good soap for a moderate price is earning an honest living. He is a good talker and no less entertaining than the comedians who precede him. Because he is a stranger and will not advertise and has no influence the News has seen fit to denounce him and his soap, whereas the one has done nothing reprehensible and the other is an excellent article. The travelling merchant is a cripple who prefers to earn his living by exerting himself after a particularly vigorous and entertaining fashion rather than to beg or attempt to appeal to the feelings by exhibiting his poor stumps. The few cakes of soap he has sold will not injure the merchants of Lincoln and his customers buy them partly in return for the show which has amused them. A charity which does not include the stranger and the man without influence cannot receive any of the benedictions of the sermon on the Mount. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Mr. Jay Amos Barrett, librarian of the state historical society, has just published a book called "Nebraska and the Nation." It is divided into three parts: History, the civil government of Nebraska and lastly the government of the United States. Besides it has excellent maps and a complete index. Under part second Mr. Barrett has collected, carefully edited and discussed facts concerning the United States land survey, the school district, cities and villages, the county, the state. This is followed by studies on the state constitution, taxation, elections, education, public institutions and federal relations. It is a scholarly, accurate summary of events, conditions and the relations of Nebraska to the central government. The book is especially valuable to teachers, editors, lawyers and everybody who is obliged to make a great many statements every day and wishes to have good authority for them. It is worthy a more detailed review and at a later and more leisure time will receive it.

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### JOTTINGS.

[BY WILLIAM REED DUNROY.]

While I was in Chicago I went out to call on Mrs. Elia W. Peattie. It was just a pleasant car ride out to Erie street and after a short walk toward the lake front I found the flat which roofs the well-known writer. I whistled up a tube in the side of the wall and then listened a while and found that Mr. Peattie's voice came down with a welcome invitation to come up higher.

The family is domiciled in a cool and comfortable flat. At the windows the elm trees rub their green branches against the front of the house and once in a while the wind blew one of the graceful fronds in at the open windows.

From the front a little triangle of the lake way off in the distance can be seen, mist covered and cool. This little triangle is made by high buildings that intervene between Erie street and the lake. Mrs. Peattie says she prizes that little azure three-cornered bit of the lake as a priceless treasure.

The author of "A Mountain Woman" is still busily at work. She has a book now in the hands of the MacMillans. It is a collection of ghost stories, thirteen in number. "I assure you that they are all very cheerful ghosts," said the author, "but I did want to have something uncanny about the book so I secured it by having just thirteen stories."

But Mrs. Peattie is getting a bit world weary. In speaking of her little operetta, "The Love of a Caliban," she said, "I like this book because the edition is limited. The older I grow the more I wish that I could have but one copy of each of my books published, and that I could keep that for my very own self. I am so tired of being blamed for things I never meant to do and say, and being praised for things that I never had any idea of saying or doing. I have been understood so little that I am sick of it all."

Mrs. Peattie's health has not been the most robust for some time. For nearly three months she has been ailing, and her naturally cheerful disposition has been overcome by the lengthened indisposition. She is still writing for eastern papers and magazines and the front pages of the Youth's Companion have been brightened by her vigorous and well written stories quite frequently of late. Those of us in Nebraska who learned to love the writing of Mrs. Peattie will look with much eagerness for the forthcoming volume of ghost stories.

Another Chicago writer whom I met was Stanley Waterloo. Of course he is eccentric but he is very companionable. In fact, he is like a great boy in his enthusiasm. He presented me with autograph copies of his two books "The Story of Ab" and "A Man and A Woman." "The Story of Ab" is a love story of a cave man. It deals with the loves, hates and adventures of the men who dwelt in caves in that long ago time when men were yet but little removed from the animals about them. It is a vivid picture and one learns to love the half ape like creatures who roam the forests and learn their early lessons of love among the green trees of the cave village. The other story begins with a description of a wooded country. It is a picture painted by an artist who has seen and has observed what he saw. Descriptions of birds and trees and flowers make the book a rare treat in the beginning. And then the hero. Still, I wonder if he is a hero. He is so human. And yet his good and noble qualities greatly outnumber his faults, and a hero is one whose faults are fewer than his good qualities. It is a book of love, the loves of a man and the one love of a woman. It is a good book to read.

I also saw some book publishers. Mr. Williams of the firm of Way & Williams,



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is a large, fine looking young man, college bred and polite as one could wish. He looks as if the ravages of time or of disease could never break him down. He does not hold himself aloof even from a poor, struggling young author, but makes everyone feel at home and at ease. Over in the Rand McNally building, a large block where a whole army of men and women are coming and going, I ran up against the opposite of Mr. Williams in the person of Mr. James McNally. I came into his august presence with fear and trembling and I was so frightened when I left that I could hardly wobble. My! but he did sit on me. "Verse," he fairly screamed, "we don't have a thing to do with verse. We won't touch it," and with that he turned back to his desk and I might as well have been a fly on his ink bottle for all the notice he took of me. But I guess I'll live even after that letting down, though I am thankful that I am not thrown before such bears every day.

I went to see the "French Maid" at the Columbia. Now, really, I thought that the play would be a little risqué. But, mercy! it didn't have that saving savor. It was pretty flat. If it had not been for the songs I should have been asleep in no time. Miss Redpath is pretty and she tries awfully hard to act tough in a part that was not made to be tough. Bigelow was actually funny. Not in what he says but in his actions and facial expression. He had a tussle with a champagne bottle that was uproariously funny. In some way he got his finger in the neck and could not get it out. Some persons came into the room while he was in the predicament and his efforts to get the bottle amputated without letting them see him were highly amusing. There were several good ballets and the scenery was all that one could ask for. As for the Columbia it is a hot, stuffy little place, not half as nice as our own Oliver theatre. But then, you know, I was in the city in the dull season and it was the "French Maid" or nothing.

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